White Ribbons

Chas. W. Loux.

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"White Ribbons"

From

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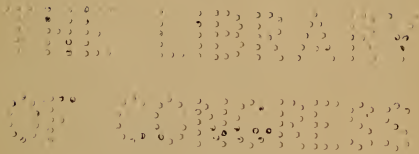
WHITE RIBBONS:

Temperance Verse

By

CHAS. W. LOUX.



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White Ribbons.

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THE SONG OF HER WOE.

With brain by watching worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sits in unwomanly rags,
Her children begging for bread.
Drink! drink! drink!
In poverty sunken low,
While over the way the bottles clink,—
Oh, that the world would only think!—
She sings the "Song of her Woe."

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S PRAYER.

Hear me, Heavenly Father, hear me
Ere I lose the power to pray.
Come thou quickly, Father, near me
Ere I helpless turn away.

Come, reach down to my low level,
Lift me ere I pray to sink,
Ere I must implore the devil
For another drop of drink.

Lord, I feel the fiery fever
Calling for another drop;
Drink alone is its reliever!
Canst thou make this burning stop?

Every fiber of my being
Quivers and demands the cup.
Pity, Lord, my sad state seeing,
Lift me, Father, lift me up.

My faith is weak; I am not able,
Lord, to ask thee change what was
From creation good and stable,—
Lord, I pray not change thy laws.

But I pray, O God, for power,
Strengthen thou my faith so small,
Help me in this trying hour
To resist temptation's call.

Oh, I will and yet I will not,—
Will to live, yet not to live;
Will to die by drink, and still not
Will my all to ruin give.

Lord, do thou the conflict enter,
That is raging thus in me;
All the help of heaven center
On my will to live for Thee.

Hear me, Heavenly Father, hear me,
Ere I cannot even pray;
Come thou quickly, Father, near me,
Ere I hopeless turn away.

WALKING THE CRACK.

Drunken drinker,—
Bleared his blinker,—
Dull of thinker,—
Thinks he
Still can
Walk the
Crack.
But already
Over-heady,
Nerves unsteady,
Little
Traces
He the
Track.

Likewise, viewing
His pursuing
Evil doing,
See
Him
Oft the

Straight
Path
Miss.
Boy, take warning!
In life's morning
Rum keep scorning;
Then
your
course
will
be
like
this.

WATCH.

Watch, my boy, mankind's betrayer
Ply his arts to be your slayer;
Watch him every fraud committing,
Watch his subtle counterfeiting;
Now an angel's form assuming,
Yet unto destruction dooming;
Now a sheep, but as a lion
Seeking thoughtless souls to fly on.
By his subtle arts was driven
Adam's race from Eden's heaven.

Now he strives that he may slowly,
Counterfeiting what is holy,
Change the blessing Christ has brought us
By the blood with which he bought us.

Youthful Love to us was given
As an angel friend from heaven.
Pure, it is a holy passion,
'Twill our lives with beauty fashion;
It will lead to that relation
Blest of God since man's creation.
Thus mid white-clad throngs invited,
Christ and Church will be united.
But with bland voluptuous graces
Comes a form that oft displaces
By its promises untruthful
Love the Pure and Love the Youthful.
Lust is Love's pretended sister,
Born of sin, to death resist her.

In the cup with red wine glowing
You may see the dear blood flowing,
At the holy table feeding
You may see the body bleeding
Of the seed of God and woman
Who shall crush the fiend inhuman.

Watch thou still the lying devil
Lest he drag you to his level.
Promising to show things greater
In the wine-cup, he will cater
To man's weakness; but deceiving
Him too ready in believing,
He will show him but the demons
Of *delirium tremens*.

THE PLEDGE.

God helping me, my word I pledge
That till life terminates
I will not use as beverage
That which intoxicates.

GUARD THE GATES.

Within the New Jerusalem,
That heavenly city,
There'll be no sights we need condemn,
No sad hearts pity.

There God shall wipe all tears away,
No pain, nor crying,
Nor woe will dim that endless day,
Nor any dying.

Only the saints, within those walls,
On highways golden
Shall tread, while each in praise recalls
The story olden.

Why will be in it naught unclean?
God guards admission.
And o'er each pearly gate is seen
This prohibition:

"No drunkard, liar, murderer, thief,
Shall here inherit."
It is for those who shared Christ's grief
And claim his merit.

If we would make this land of ours
Appear like heaven,
First all unclean and wicked powers
Must forth be driven.

And when the nation has been swept
By faithful sweepers,
Then must the gates be ever kept
By watchful keepers.

Adultery and Drunkenness
And Sabbath-breaking
Have to our city gained access,
Sad havoc making.

This grim three-headed Hydra now
Is slowing winding
Its coils around the form of Law,
With firmness binding.

This foe Satanic must be slain,
Law's body freeing,
That Law may thus protect again
Our city's being.

After the city has been freed
Of things defiling,
When foes would enter, give no heed,
Howe'er beguiling.

If we would make this land most fair
For dwelling mortals,
Then let the keeper's watch with care
The nation's portals.

Ye guards, admit not at the gates
Bad institutions.
Then will survive these blessed states
Time's revolutions.

THE BARD AND HIS WINE.

Whom, alas, hast thou not cheated
Or in noble ends defeated,
Wine, accursed wine?
For a brief exhilaration
Have the bards of many a nation
Paid thee with a line.

And the line is still kept living
And its evil influence giving,
Woven with the good.
Thus is good with evil mated;
Would they could be separated,
As they always should.

Not a giver, but a taker,
A destroyer, not a maker,
Art thou, cup of wine.
Ever giving less than taking,
Ever killing more than making,
Thou'rt not worth a line.

Yet from many a nation's poet
(Why, alas, did he not know it?)
Thou hast gained a verse;

'Twas a brief infatuation;
In the end both bard and nation
Only found a curse.

Roman poets often praised thee,
To the very skies they raised thee;
Thou hast laid Rome low.
Fair Columbia protects thee,
By her laws she much respects thee;
Thou hast killed our Poe.

Wilt thou kill this land of ours?
Scatter hypocritic flowers
O'er Columbia dead?
Rouse, oh, rouse, ye vain believers,
Kill that worst of all deceivers,
Cup of bloody red.

Wilt thou kill Columbia? Never.
For Columbia will sever
That life-thread of thine.
God will hurl to thine own level,
Thee, thou parasitic devil,
Deadly cup of wine.

"I HAVE SUCH A NICE PAPA, SIR."

"I have such a nice papa, sir,"
Said a little girl pure and sweet,
As she waited upon the door-steps
His homeward step to greet.

"Last night he brought me a dolly
With beautiful eyes and curls;
He told me that I was the dearest
Of all the little girls."

"But does he never scold you
And is he never rude?"
"Last night he said that he loved me;
His kisses were sweet and good."

But watch that little tear-drop
As it steals a passage down,
As her struggling soul remembers
Some drunken word and frown.

Dear little girl, believing
What gladly she wants to believe;
Forgetting the rudeness and trying
Her poor little heart to deceive.

"He loves me, I know, and I love him,
  There is not a sweeter face;
Soon I shall see him coming
  And be in his dear embrace."

But as in the dusky twilight
  She sees his uncertain gait,
Why does she run away weeping
  And does no longer wait?

Ah, poor little heart that is broken,
  The angels thy sorrow see;
And if there were weeping in heaven,
  I know they would weep for thee.

TO THE BEER WAGON.

Hear the stamping and the rattle
As of calvary in battle
    Hither hie.
Hear the rolling down the ridges
And the thunder o'er the bridges
    Coming nigh.

Do you, trembling, ask "What is it?"
'Tis the devil makes a visit
    With his deils.

See the fierce and foaming horses
And his car that hither courses,—
Woe on wheels.

He employs a human driver;
Thus the wicked Sin-contriver
Men deceives.
Demons shut within a bottle
Able each a soul to throttle
Here he leaves.

And the wealthy tavern-keeper,
Sinking village morals deeper,
Takes them in.
Little does it seem to matter
How much sorrow he may scatter,
Woe and sin.

Men long sunk by drunken revels,
Serve as gods these bottled devils,
And they cheer
As they see the car advancing,
And the fiery horses, prancing,
Coming near.

Daughters, sons, and wives they offer,
All life's precious gifts they proffer,
All are brought

To be crushed—an act made lawful—
'Neath the wheels of that most awful
Juggernaut.

WHICH IS BETTER?

If the sunlight better guides you
Than a lightning flash;
If a steady course is better
Than a reckless dash;
If no one prefers a fever
To a steady heat;
If 'tis better have some over
Than all now to eat;
If to stay at home is wiser
Than on husks to dine;
Then is pure and sparkling water
Better drink than wine.

THE IMAGINARY AND THE REAL.

There are beings that men fashion,
They are creatures of a brain,
That arouse the heart's compassion
Till it can no more contain.

And the soul's great swelling ocean
Though the dikes may interfere,
Rising with a steady motion
Overflows in many a tear.

But when pity calls to action,
All these airy things are fled.
It becomes a sweet distraction
Over them the tear to shed.

Bring your precious summer novel,
I will show you sorrow then,
Real sights within yon hovel,
Woes too great for paint or pen.

Sickness raging, children dying,
Filth and drunkenness and theft,
Crimes aloud to Heaven crying,
Everything of joy bereft.

Thousand places in the city
Such as this one you may view;
Does it cause your heart to pity?
Here is then a chance to do.

WHY?

Sunset glory through broken glasses
Dingy with smoke and filthy masses,
Deigns to illumine all human classes
And through the kindly cracks it passes
Into a room and over a wall
Which shows the laths as plasters fall,
Where no paintings for praises call;
Then the sun pitying changes the sight,
Hanging a picture of shadow and light.
Why no other master
Displayed upon the plaster?
Why?

Why that baby lying,
Waiting the hour of dying?
Like a lily born on a stormy lake
Which the turbulent waters take,
And ere its petals in full unfold,
By the river's power controlled
On the river's tide 'tis rolled,
Till within the sea it settles,
Closing again its tiny petals;
Thus the child with a rapid motion
Floats away to Death's broad ocean.

Pity the wife, O Friend of the sinner!
Love's broken pitcher pours, through its
inner
Channels, over cheeks growing thinner
For lack of many a supper and dinner,
Streams of sorrow that sadly lave
The babe's sweet face; these tears she gave
As a preparation for its grave.
Why do those tears and that sad face
Former smiles and beauty displace?
Why those rags in keeping
With the woman's weeping?
Why?

Why upon the bed
Lies the husband dead?
Something worse than battle scars
Former looks of manhood mars.
Why has he failed to the end to run,
Stopped in the race that was once begun,
Losing a crown that he might have won?
Why has he missed the heavenly calling,
Losing the prize through stumbling and
falling;
Waiting to suffer a just retribution,
Taking slim chance in the restitution?
Why?

WINE IS WOE.

Woe is in the wine;
  Woe is to the taker;
Still more woe is thine,
  Heartless drunkard maker.

Wine is woe to one,
  Wine is woe to nations,
Now as well as on
  Coming generations.

Woe is in wine's mirth,
  Woe it hides in laughter.
Woe it brings to earth,
  Loss in the hereafter!

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

Would you make your pathway plainer,
  And yourself from evils hedge,
For your own sake, be abstainer;
You will ever be the gainer;
  Sign the pledge.

Would you never lead another
  Unto ruin's fearful edge,

For the sake then of your brother,
Of his children, wife, and mother,
Sign the pledge.

Pearls you may by such behavior
From the seas of sorrow dredge.
Such an act will meet God's favor;
For the love then of the Savior,
Sign the pledge.

KING MONEY.

Queen Love is the only ruler
Designed by heaven to sit
On the throne of the heart's dominions,
And to love should ever submit
The attendants and the subjects
That round her palace flit.

It is love supreme to the Father
And an equal love to man,
That should rule all the heart's possessions,
According to Heaven's plan.
She rules with a righteous judgment
As her subjects never can.

Her subjects are love of Glory,
  Wealth and Power and Fame,
Property, Knowledge, Pleasure,
  Society, Self, and Name.
When these are raised to the kingdom
  The end is only shame.

Love is so meek a person
  She never has rule at first;
Her throne is seized by her subjects,
  By them her kingdom is cursed.
Though they all make cruel despots
  Yet Money enthroned is worst.

Is money the root of all evil?
  Ah, yes, when Money is king.
How cruel! the queen he does even
  Into dungeon darkness fling.
And unto the better subjects
  What slavery does he bring!

In the million little nations
  Where the money king we find,
You may see a poor subject, Reason
  By imperial orders blind;
And Pity too weak to help others
  For the chains that his body bind.

No wonder long heathen darkness
Still waits for the gospel ray;
That poverty pleads for compassion,
To be turned without help away;
No wonder the drink curse is raging,
The greatest curse of the day.

Say not that the drunkard-makers
Care never a whit at all
For the sixty or seventy thousand
That yearly in ruin fall;
But these they love less than the money;
King Money does them enthrall.

The might of the great Redeemer
Himself is able alone
To take from the cruel king Money
The kingdom he does not own,
And place the rightful possessor,
Queen Love, in sway on the throne.

Then daily within that kingdom
It may by us all be viewed
How love by her magic power
Has everything renewed,
And how useful and active a helper
Is Money when once subdued.

WHO HATH WOE?

(Prov. 23: 29–32.)

Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
Who doth make contentions rise?
From whose lips complainings flow?
Who doth causeless bruises show?
Who hath redness of his eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine;
They that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not on the wine, though bright,
When it gives its coloring,
When it goeth down aright;
The end is but the serpent's bite,
Like an adder does it sting.

(Habakkuk 2: 15.)

To him that gives his neighbor drink,
Shall surely woe ensue,
That puts the bottle to his lips
And makes him drunken too.

(Prov. 21: 17.)

That man shall poverty see
Who loveth never toil;
Nor rich shall that man be
Who loveth wine and oil.

(Isaiah 5: 11, 12.)

Woe is to them
That rise with the sun
To drink till inflamed
When the day is done.

The harp and the viol,
Pipe, tabret, and wine
Alike in their revels
All day they combine.

They do not regard
The work of the Lord,
Nor do they consider
His might and his word.

FOOLS, PESSIMISTS, AND CRANKS.

If your thoughts you daily gather
In a temperance school,
If you read a temperance paper,
You are called a fool.

If you speak of liquor evils
As they do exist,
Men will hiss you out of hearing
As a pessimist.

If you act in full accordance
With your temperance plank,
Men will raise the accusation
That you are a crank.

Blessed are those persecuted
For the sake of right.
Theirs shall be the heavenly kingdom
Full of love and light.

(Prov. 20: 1.)

Wine is a mocker; lies it weaves;
Strong drink defies;
And whomsoever it deceives,
He is not wise.

ALONE IN HEAVEN.

I fancy when we get to where
There is eternal day,
We'll find some humbler mansions there,
Standing alone,
Far from the throne,
Far from the main highway.

The owner's solitary praise
His humble house will fill;
Though joyfully his harp he plays,
And happier he
Than we now be,
Some will be happier still.

We'll find the grandest mansions near
Heaven's busiest boulevard,
Supremely happy saints dwell here;
Here choral songs
From white-robed throngs
Will evermore be heard.

The humble dweller might have gained
Some company in his song,
A larger house might have obtained,
Had he denied
Himself and tried
To bring a friend along.

I fancy when the judgment comes
That many souls will take
These small suburban heavenly homes,
Who now decline
To give up wine
E'en for a brother's sake.

And some will dwell near the golden street
And daily at the door
Some once enslaved brother meet
Whom their help had
From bondage sad
Through Christ freed evermore.

The palace is for him who ne'er
God-given duty shirks;

Our doings here fix our station there;
A penny for all
Christ's great and small,
A crown for him who works.

Oh let us not go to heaven alone,
But let us all, if we can,
Secure a mansion near the throne.
Then let us give up
The needless cup
For the sake of brother man.

WATER GOOD ENOUGH.

God made for plant and beast and man
Each a peculiar food;
One drink alone was in his plan,
And everything was good.

The plant still fills its flowery cup
From founts the heavens provide;
The thirsty rootlets still lick up
The brooklet's tiny tide.

The hart still panteth as of old
After the water-brook;
And all the beasts take of the cold
Rich draughts they ever took.

But man has changed and tries
To make a better drink.
Succeeds,—so say the doctors wise,
And so the dealers think.

But somehow men will lose their health
As they drink the "accursed stuff,"
And find, bereft of all their wealth,
Cold water good enough.

Go, friend, to Nature's doctor-book
And everywhere you'll read:
"Quaff but the water of the brook."
No other drink you need.

W. C. T. U. to Y. P. S. C. E.

O army of Christian Endeavor,
Young soldiers so brave for the right,
King Rum is resisting us ever;
Come aid us and help that we never
May yield in the glorious fight.

The death that he brings is appalling,
Unutterable is the woe.
Oh, must we forever be calling,
While seventy thousand are falling,
Slain every year by the foe?

Our forces are scanty and scattered,
His forces are very compact.
The walls of his forts must be battered,
His strongholds to atoms be shattered,
And now is the time we should act.

Entrenched by the laws of the nation,
Sustained by a powerful press,
Complete in his organization,
Long fed by a rich compensation,
Rum will not in power grow less.

He rules with demoniac madness,
Despotic his merciless sway,
Depriving the mother of gladness,
Betraying her loved ones to sadness,
And leading to ruin's broad way.

The churches, lo, are despairing,—
Christ's kingdom, when will it come?
Ye valiant soldiers declaring
"For Christ and the Church," come bearing
Your arms on their enemy, Rum.

THE WHITE ROSE.

White rose of purity,
Come, fairest, wilt thou be
Our nation's flower?
Bring purity of vote,
And righteousness promote,
That freedom's flag may float
From every tower.

God-given sign whereby
Evil is made to fly,
Flower of renown,
May God thy beauty sheathe,
Immortal freshness breathe
On thee, and of thee wreathe
Columbia's crown.

White rose of purity,
Let our enslavers be
Ever laid low.
By thy sweet beauty's charm,
Oh keep our youth from harm,
Each foe within disarm,
Each outside foe.

White rose of purity,
God grant thee victory
Over rum's power.
Then shall the praises ring

To Christ our only king,
Who doth such glory bring
Our nation's flower.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Ere the painting was hung in the eastern sky,
The steeples rang out "The Fourth of July!"
Ere the pink and the red and the white and the gold
Were seen on the wall as the painting unrolled,
The cracker was heard and the cannon's boom,
And blasts that suggested the day of doom.
And every one followed the creed of the boys,—
The bigger the day, the bigger the noise.
And all the wide country was made to ring,
"America's free from a tyrannous king!"

America's free, we are happy to say,
From a foreign ruler's unrighteous sway.
Enslavers she has, however, the worst
Of any that yet a nation have cursed.
And they came disguised from beyond the graves
To celebrate freedom by making more slaves.
And the guns boomed harder all over the earth,
And shouts grew wilder, and greater the mirth.
And many would reel and stagger and fall
And swear and curse and fight and brawl,
And many a wound and many a black eye
Was the end of that glorious Fourth of July.

If we keep these enslavers, Whiskey and Beer,
Much longer with us, then I fear, I fear,
That the freedom we have they will carry away;
God of heaven, forbid so disastrous a day!
The second great Fourth, as it seems to me,
Was the first of January, '63.
And another and greater is soon to come;
'Twill be when we shatter the power of Rum.

POISON—WHISKEY.

On each flask this truth indite:
"*Poison—Whiskey*;" let that sight
Keep the youthful in the right.
"Taste it not!"

"Don't you see the skull and bones?
Don't you hear the dying groans,
And the fiend's exulting tones?
Taste it not!"

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

"Boys, what will you have?"—"You are kind,
I'll have something good for the liver."
"I something to brighten my mind."
"And I for the chills, for I shiver."

"Now what will *you* have? I am sure
One favor deserves still another."
All find some more ailments to cure,
And drink from respect to their brother.

And each one observes in his turn
False notions of kindness and duty.
Strange fevers within them soon burn,
And lost is their innocent beauty.

Now since you are done, while you fret,
And now while your members are aching,
Go ask yourself "What did I get?
Oh, is this the same I was taking?"

"Boys, what will you have?"—Oh, beware!
'Tis Satan who thus is besetting;
You'll have something good, you declare,
But ruin of self you are getting.

TO THE DOLLAR.

No longer thee, O glittering dust,
We'd seek, but rather
Would strive for that which cannot rust,
If it were true—"In God we trust"—
In God, our Father.

"In gold we trust," in letters bold
Might well be written;
Does not the land beg Whiskey's gold,
Though us with misery untold
Has Whiskey smitten?

WATER ONLY.

Clouds have oft come flying,
Saving Earth from dying,
But they never brought her
Anything but water.

Once a tenth-rate doctor
Said and thereby shocked her:
"Water is too risky,
You should have some whiskey."

Plant and beast, however,
Took it never, never.
Man began to make it,
Frequently to take it.

But with every swallow
Woe and sickness follow.
Thousand drinkers dying
Proved the Dr. lying.

Error's darkness fleeing,
Man the truth is seeing:
"Water isn't risky,
Death is in the whiskey."

VICTORY WILL COME!

Ho you liquor clan,
Sending sickness,
Seeking sleekness,
From the weakness
Of your brother man.

Ho ye dealers bold!
Prohibition
Will make submission
Your position,
And your days are told.

Ho ye brewer bands!
Mark these verses:
Ill-got purses
Will be curses
In your guilty hands.

Victory will come!
Bring Rum faster
Dire disaster.
Serve your Master,
Save your land and home.

PROHIBITION.

It doesn't prohibit?—
Then wherefore exhibit
So great consternation,
So small exultation?

The "Maine Law" a failure,
Which still does assail your
Combined operations
To flood all the nations?

Then why do you worry
And bluster and hurry?
You know, Mr. Brewer,
It makes drunkards fewer.

You fear prohibition.
You know by its mission
Your thousands invested
From you may be wrested.

And surely they ought to,
Too long you have sought to
Still make your purse sleeker
By making men weaker.

Your ill-gotten money
Should go to make sunny

The homes so forsaken
From which it was taken.

God speed prohibition,
That no more permission
Not granted by Heaven
By state shall be given.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

The "cords of love" that e'er should bind
Each soul unto the other
Like loving friend and brother,
The cords that sweetly draw mankind
To heaven so securely,
Must be white ribbon surely.
In true white ribbon hearts we find
Such love, that 'tis no wonder
We think the throne up yonder
Must be with ribbons white entwined.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Where is the freedom of the press?
Ah, half of that is sold.
Her strength, although it is not less,
Is now by Rum controlled;
Rum bought her with his gold.

The drunkard's child in hunger lies,
And shall the press give aid?—
Such freedom, no, her lord denies;
His law must be obeyed,
And silence must be made.

An ill-clad wife is deathly pale,
And shall the press tell why?—
"No, don't repeat her bitter wail,
Dare not to breathe a sigh;
Wilt thou my lash defy?"

A tempted wretch goes down in drink,
And shall the press proclaim?
Cries Rum the louder, "Let him sink."
Alas, alas, what name
Will fit for such a shame!

Thank God, some daughters of the press
Are still as ever free.
They tell the truth and mankind bless;
Some day their mates shall be,
Too, freed from slavery.

AN EARLY COLD WIND.

An early cold wind from the north
Blew over a flowʒret red;
It drooped on its little low bed;
Fond Night poured h ːr dewy tears forth;
My sweet little flower was dead.

A wind of temptation has chilled
So early my flower, my boy.
I pray 'twill not fully destroy.
God grant that he may not be killed,
Sweet flower of my love, my joy.

TWO WAYS.

A piteous bloat
With nondescript coat
And tongue growing thicker,
Down into his throat
Is downing the liquor.
As long as he quaffs
The bar-keeper laughs.

A speaker down street,
A crank in a heat,
A temperance kicker,
Down under his feet

Is downing the liquor.
As long as he howls
The bar-keeper scowls.

Friend, where do you stand,
The right or left hand?
And what is your record?
By temperance grand,
Or drunkennsss checkered?
Which way are you in
Of downing this sin?

YE BELLS.

Awake, Christian people,
Awake to your mission.
Proclaim from each steeple
For Rum's prohibition.

Let pulpits deliver
A message of thunder;
Till rumsellers shiver
And fear for their plunder.

Let trumpets be blowing
A blast not uncertain.
Let pastors be showing
What's hid by the curtain.

Let preachers not tremble
In work for the Savior.
They need not dissemble,
God's book's in their favor.

God's word, from beginning
Through John's Revelation,
On sinner and sinning
Tells strong condemnation.

'Tis sin to be drunken;
The traffic makes sinners;
It keeps down the sunken
And tempts the beginners.

Blow louder and deeper:
He's helping the devil
Who helps the bar-keeper
And drunkards to revel.

Yes, stop your low "tooting"
And blow your horn louder.
Don't aim without shooting,
Use shot, shell, and powder.

Do make the pews rattle
And rouse up the sleeping;
Go, urge them to battle
Against saloon keeping.

Don't pray the throne regal
May come to our level,
They vote to make legal
The work of the devil.

Now why are you staying
Still with your old faction?
The right kind of praying
Will lead to right action.

Make prayers more burning
More earnest and hearty;
You then will be turning
Soon from your old party.

You then will see clearly
Where once you were blinded;
Love others more dearly,
Be not so self-minded.

You'll vote for protection
Of children and mothers,
For help in correction
Of habit-bound brothers.

You'll make Mr. Brewer
Fly out of our nation,
Or look for a truer
And better vocation.

You'll make the distiller
No more such a harmer,
But make him a miller
Or good honest farmer.

You'll make the saloonist
Who ruins for money
Go as a baloonist
To regions more sunny.

They all will find places
At work that is brighter,
And thank with good graces
The temperance fighter.

Ye bells of the city
So solemnly calling,
Tell men to have pity
On those that are falling.

Ye bells of the nation,
Forget not your mission;
Ring out Rum's dictation,
Ring in prohibition.

PATRIOTS.

The ship of State he does not love,
Who but admires her present motion
Upon a yet unbroken ocean;
Who only sees the flag above
And white sail-wings as of a dove;

Who but beholds her stately mast,
And will not note the storm-wind blowing,
Nor whither is the good ship going;
Nor how is heaven with clouds overcast,
But blindly glories in her past;

Who will not see the rocks before
And cannot therefore give the warning
To save the crew from wreck and mourning;
Who does not hear the breakers roar
On ruin's ever-nearing shore.

Our much beloved ship of State
Sails under captains blind and risky
Towards the rocks of Rum and Whiskey;
She sails at an increasing rate,
Oh, turn her, ere it be too late.

True lovers of the ship, turn ye
Her course, and never leave her, never,
That she may smoothly sail forever
Upon a stormless, boundless sea
Of freedom and prosperity.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

It will either be our fate
That we save the ship of State,
Or destroy the *schooner*.
Therefore I would sooner
Help to batter
Up the latter
Of the two;
Wouldn't you?

THE BREWER'S DAUGHTER.

A hundred thousand dollars
Was spent for the wedding day
When the brewer's only daughter
Was given by him away.
But by a baker's window
Near the home of the coming bride,
Stood a ragged boy and his sister,
And this is what she cried:
"Buy me a loaf of bread,

Buy me a loaf of bread,
My mother is dying, maybe she has died.
Buy me a loaf of bread."

The carriages passed for the wedding,
A glorious and grand display;
And the coming bride was happy,
And the coming groom was gay.
But there by the baker's window
Stood the children, hungry and pale;
Scarce hushed by the hoofs of the horses
Was heard their bitter wail:
"Buy me a loaf of bread;
Mother is sick in bed;
My father, poor father, they took him to jail;
Buy me a loaf of bread."

Amid the diamond's glitter
And the rustle of bridal gown,
They were married and then were driven
To their home with front of brown.
But the children had left the window
And gone to their hovel's gloom,
Still hungry themselves, and their mother

Lay dead, lay dead in the room.
"Mother, dear mother, is dead;
Who now will buy us bread?
Father—God save him—he cannot
come home;
Oh, for a loaf of bread."

But the brewer still continues
On the weakness of men to live.
God, curse the wealth he is robbing,
Yet, God, his sins forgive.
Oh, the homes that are made unhappy!
Oh, the many that hungry go!
Oh, the tattered ones that early
Must say these words of woe:
"Buy me a loaf of bread;
Mother, dear mother, is dead;
Father, he loves us sometimes, we
know,
But—buy us a loaf of bread."

AMERICA AND ARMENIA.

"Don't kill mamma!" the daughter cried,
And clutched her drunken father's hand.
Three children by the mother's side
Were left in sadness when she died.
Yet this was not on Turkish land.

Drink made that mother's passions boil
Who out the window threw her child.
Ah, yes, it makes the sense recoil,
And yet, 'twas not on Turkish soil
Where happened this a deed so wild.

Drink set that lover's brain awhirl
Who killed his own intended wife,
And then the sister of the girl;
Though not a Turk, these did he hurl
To sudden death in drunken strife.

Then there was one who with a chair
Struck down his sister to the ground;
Friends found her later dying there.
And yet, it wasn't Turkey where
This wicked, drunken brute was found.

A father left four children die
From want of food in winter's cold;
And thousands more are death's door nigh.
Alas, not even a Turkish sky
Doth sadder sights than these behold.

And yet, we think this all a dream,
And only Turkish madness fact.
Oh, could we but remove the beam
That makes *our* sins unreal seem.
Then surely we would go and act.

WHEN.

When teachers teach it,
And preachers preach it,
  And thus fulfill their mission,
Then we shall reach it,—
  Rum's utter prohibition.

WE ARE ON THE WINNING SIDE.

Ah, Nero Rum
  Will lose his might
When Jesus from
The skies shall come
  And bring the bright
Millenium.

Should God delay
  Millennial peace,
God grant we may
Before that day
  Make Rum to cease
His bloody sway.

Ah, sometime we
  This monster sin
Subdued shall see.
Then hopeful be,
  For right must win
The victory.

RELEASE.

"O God, let me die; let me not go out,
To battle again with demons."
'Twas the bitter wail of a man in jail,
Sent there in delirium tremens.

And now he was well, his time was up,
His release was to come on the morrow;
He prayed all night, the morning light
Brought an end to his life of sorrow.

They found him still on his knees at morn,
But rigid in death's prostration,
His hands as in prayer; God heard him there,
And spared him the day's temptation.

And when in the paradise on earth
He awakes at the resurrection,
His praise he will sound that Satan is bound
And Jesus gives law and protection.

Oh the many that tempt but the drunkard more
And think that they are his betters.
God pity the world that so many has hurled
Into habit's fearful fetters.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Sad mother, who for many weary years
Hast borne thy sorrow all alone,
Hast for thy buried son shed hopeless tears,—
Thy reckless child, and yet thine own;

The creeds of men have wronged thy mother's heart,
And wronged thy heavenly Father, too.
Is God less just and loving than thou art?
Is the Almighty One less true?

Let God be true, though all men liars prove:
His love has ever been the same,
Nor does his word unfold such lack of love,
As teach the creeds that wrong his name.

Thy son is dead, that's sad enough a loss;
Nor will thy son again awake
Till he who paid death's debt upon the cross
His kingly rule o'er earth shall take.

For death is death, and life is life indeed,
Death is not life in endless pain;
All in their graves will hear Christ's voice and heed
And will be made alive again.

A present immortality within
Is but the devil's first-told lie,
When he ensnared our parent's into sin
And said, "Ye shall not surely die."

The heavenly prize of immortality
Is only for Christ's faithful Bride,—
A future gift; they reign eternally
Earth's future kings, at Jesus' side.

But kings and priests must have their subjects, too,
And these upon the earth will be;
'Twill come when God's millennial day is due,
And Christ is known from sea to sea.

Sad mother, there will then be raised to earth
The millions that have never known
Nor heard the Way nor spurned the Saviour's worth;
'Twill be for them the judgment throne.

The sinned against, the sore deceived, the frail,
Will all be raised and will be there;
Christ's death will surely yet for all avail,
To give one trial, full and fair.

And if they will be true and will obey,
They'll endless life on earth obtain;
But if they will not live, and turn away,
They'll die and never live again.

The second death is truly death, a death alway,
It is not life in endless flame;
It is destruction, loss of life for aye,
Despite the creeds that wrong God's name.

While every sin will surely bring its loss
Both now and in the trial day,
Yet mercy will be streaming from the cross,
That all may live who will obey.

Thy son is not now suffering endless pain;
God's word is true, though creeds deceive;
He sleeps in death, and will be raised again;
Sad mother, cheer thine heart, believe.

By CHAS. W. LOUX.

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